

## **Only You** by FreedomBeans

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**Summary:** Brooke Landerhaven was the reigning queen of Hawkins High School. She may get in way over her head when she pits two guys against each other in order to win one back. HEA & Plenty of smut to meet your smut needs. [ OC/Steve H., OC/Billy H.]u

# 1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the canon Stranger Things characters. I own only my original characters. I am not profiting from this story.

Content and Trigger Warnings: This story is a plot-bunny that is 90% smut. If you do not like smut, this story is not for you. I have no idea how bad this story will be. It could be worse than 50 Shades of Grey or better than 50 Shades of Grey. Who knows, who cares. Also, this story will not be featuring The kids from the show or their exploits. This is a first-person narrative with a character not involved in the science fiction aspect. And yes, my main character is pretty. I don't write about ugly people. I am an ugly people, no one wants to read about my quivering loins. Trigger warnings for sex, sex talk, rapey situations, language, and general creepiness. If these are uncomfortable for you, move along. You've been warned.

## September 1984

I stood in front of my mirror, smoothing my hands over my outfit: a lilac sweater set and plaid knee-length skirt of the same shade of lilac and black. I turned and inspected my pantyhose for snags. They were perfect. The whole outfit was perfect. I tossed my blonde curls over my shoulder and tied a matching ribbon around my head before smiling into the mirror. Steve Harrington was going to regret dumping me last year for that mouse Nancy Wheeler. Alright, I was not being fair, she isn't a mouse. She is just young. All coltish limbs and wide-eyed sweetness. Steve dumped me for a younger model. Seriously though, who dumps me? I'm Brooke Landerhaven for fucks sake! The captain of the cheerleading squad and shoo-in for Homecoming Queen. I am the undisputed queen bee of Hawkins High. Ugh. I had managed to avoid him the entirety of our second semester and summer but this year, that would be almost impossible. Senior year, the king and queen will have to smile for the yearbook and ensure the underclassmen that all was right in the universe. Right now, things did not feel right in the universe. I could not put my finger on it but everything was just...off.

I walked over to my vanity and fastened a classic string of pearls around my neck and freshened my lipgloss. Trying to get my eye to

stop twitching from aggravation. Rumor was that Nancy broke it off with Steve and had moved on with Jonathan Byers. That had to sting King Steve a bit. I chortled at the thought and grabbed my satchel to begin my walk to school.

I met up with my three best friends: Courtney, Faith, and Christie...The Royal Four, we were. Faith raised an elegant brow as she assessed me.

"Is that outfit intended to get Steve back or start fights amongst the rabble?"

Snorting, I replied "maybe both."

"It's going to be a loooong year, then." She shook her head, her auburn hair swirling about her face.

All of us laughed and we were still laughing as we approached the school entrance. We walked side-by-side through the door, forcing the other students to move out of our way. Unfortunately, the four of us had to part briefly to go to our lockers. This meant a solitary sojourn into the hallway that I knew contained Steve and his idiot friends. I lifted my chin up and set my shoulders back, ensuring that every inch of my five seven frame was at its tallest. My eyes fixed forward and my trademark smirk set, I moved down the hall. Sure enough Steve was at his locker with some guys from the football team. I could hear the whispers of gossip along with a few titters from the students on the fray. I ignored them. Steve looked good this year. Very good. Though the hair was a touch ridiculous. He looked like an ad for Aquanet. We had brief eye contact as I made a clean beeline for my locker, when a body stepped in front of me. It was brunette and full of acne, Todd Styles, class president. I resisted rolling my eyes.

"Glad I ran into you, Brooke." Ran into me? More like stalked my locker like a creeper until I showed up. "I was hoping to tap you to make a small speech at the pep rally on Friday."

My eye twitched "I am cheering at the rally, Todd." I said it flatly like this nerdball should know this already.

He flushed "well yeah, I know that but everyone likes listening to you. You're you. You're Brooke Landerhaven."

"Yes. I know who I am." I knew I was being bitchy but when I saw his lower lip start to tremble with stress, I softened a bit. "ok. I will say a little something." His sigh of relief was my escape "I need to go to my locker now. Talk to you later, Todd." I smiled brightly, he blushed and hurried away. I rolled my eyes and turned back to head to my locker, making it about three steps before another male body blocked my path.

It was Greg Pratt, one of the slacker arcade rats. "Heya Brooke. Senior year...exciting huh?"

I wasn't even listening because my eyes locked with Steve's for a moment. Time seemed to slow down and my cheeks warmed. Greg blah blah'd on in the background, then Steve looked away and broke the spell. My head snapped to Greg.

"Seriously? Why are you even in my orbit, spazz?" I snorted and shoved passed him, annoyed and practically stomping to my locker. I heard Greg behind me call out...

"Thank you Brooke, for rejecting me horribly in this embarrassing manner. Now it's out of the way for the rest of the year." Laughter rang out through the hallway.

I turned and scowled at him "you really thought you had a shot? Pfft." I rolled my eyes and opened my locker. I didn't need to watch him slink away. I cast my eyes over to where Steve had been and he was gone. Damnit.

"Oh...my...god...was that Greg Pratt really trying to ask you out?" It was Faith's voice. I shook my head and sighed. She sneered lightly "what a dork-lord."

"Yep. Total dork-lord. I am guessing this entire day will be full of that crap. Steve not wanting me has opened the geek gates of Hell." I shrugged and we headed off to class.

I really just wanted to shove myself into my locker and die. I needed

to stick it to Steve, but how?

## **October 1983**

Homecoming night after the dance, Steve and I were in the throes of a heavy petting session in his car. His hands slid up the skirting of my taffeta dress, moving towards the target at the juncture of my thighs. His tongue was invading my mouth, the kissing bruising my lips. I wanted him, badly. My entire body on fire. I had to stop it and I pushed his hands away, breaking the kiss at the same time. Steve groaned.

"What the fuck, Brooke?" He slammed his head down on his steering wheel "we've been dating for three years and we are the only serious couple at school not doing it."

I frowned and straightened my dress "is that the only reason you want to do it? So everyone else knows we are screwing?"

Steve rolled his eyes and said those damning words "it's what you do when you date. You have sex. It's supposed to be a normal thing."

All I could do was chew on the insides of my cheeks and hold in the tears. I shook my head. He glared at me.

"I can't do this. We have to see other people. I have needs too."

His words bit into me like a rattlesnake, the venom sending a chill through my veins. His words were exactly why I never went all the way with him. He didn't want me. He never said that he loved me even though those words passed my lips to him on more than one occasion. I was nothing to him. He wanted to have sex just to do it. To say he did and for everyone to know he nailed the most popular girl in school. I don't know why I was shocked that he dumped me.

A single tear dripped down my cheek as I got out of the car. We were up at quarry. It was not too far of a walk and I was too hurt to care.

Steve drove off. He actually just left me there. I folded my arms up against my chest and made the trek. That night in my bedroom, I just lay there listening to The Cure and contemplating joining that sad sack subculture. I could pull off all black clothing and lots of black

eyeliner.

Within a month, Steve was dating Nancy Wheeler.

## **September 1984**

I jolted from my memory, sitting at my usual table in the cafeteria. I was just shoveling my food back and forth on the tray.

"I hear Steve is total trainwreck now." Courtney stated "Nancy just dusted him. But who can blame her. Her best friend just upped and disappeared."

"What was her name? Bambi? Beatrice?" Faith asked with a mouthful of food.

"Who cares. Isn't she dead or something?" My tone was flat and direct. I took a sip of my Diet Coke and shoved my tray from in front of me. "If I continue to eat this, they will be crowning a prized cow for queen."

Christie looked at me concerned, her long lashes batting "oh sweetie, you couldn't look like a cow if you tried." Then she smiled "speaking of...we need to get dresses before they sell out."

We all nodded in agreement. That was just the therapy I needed today. The girls, dresses, and gossip. But, I still needed to get through the rest of this day.

Before the final bell rang, I had been asked out by five guys, including Corey Lang, one of the fullbacks from our team. A bold move on his part considering his friendship with Steve. I told him that I would think about it. Maybe that little bit would get back to Steve and make him jealous. Not likely, but a girl could dream.

After dress-shopping, I opted to walk home. I passed by Melvald's General Store and saw Joyce Byers sitting at the counter flipping through a magazine. Most of the moms in this dinky town were super lame but Joyce was not. She was pretty awesome. She was the same age as all the others but she seemed younger, cooler even. She also had had the worst time ever when her kid went missing. Thank god he was alive and back. He was a cute kid, I used to babysit him on

occasion. For some reason I decided to stop in the store and say hi. The bells on the door tinkled and Joyce looked up with a smile.

"Hey Brooke. Pretty outfit."

I smiled back "thank you, Ms. Byers. How is everything?"

"Thank goodness nothing exciting" she said with a chuckle "how is school?"

"Very good." I must not have sounded convincing, Joyce raised a brow and cross-examined me.

"Is the Queen Bee having trouble in her hive?"

"There is always trouble but I will get over it." I shrugged "I always do."

She nodded. I showed her my new dress and we talked about shoes and hair. Who I might go with. Then I had to go. I said goodbye and continued back home. I noticed a flyer nailed to a telephone post, advertising a new mall being built. Starcourt. A mall? Finally. That bit of information made me smile.

That night, I lay on my bed thinking about Steve. My fingers gently glided over my belly, breasts, thighs, neck. I imagined his hands, his kisses. I groaned and rolled over onto my stomach. I needed him. I had to get him back in the worst way.

## 2. Chapter 2

October 1984

I spun in the mirror looking at my dress for Homecoming. It was red satin and organza, covered in Swarovski crystals. The bodice was princess cut with the straps off the shoulders. The skirt voluminous. My hair was coiled and pinned on top of my head with ringlets framing my face. I looked at Courtney in her Royal blue satin dress that perfectly offset her black hair. Her eyeshadow matched the dress color. We simply looked beautiful, if I must say.

My mind drifted to the Homecoming game the night before, when Steve and I stood next to each other getting crowned. He actually smiled at me. We both beamed, my arm looped through his causing an electric feeling to course through my body. However, once the pictures were over and we walked off of the field, he shook me from his arm and joined his teammates. I went back to my cheer squad. My girls promptly snatching the tiara off of my head and each trying it on. I almost didn't get it back. I waved to Corey Lang before he disappeared with Steve back to the locker room. I ended up accepting his offer as date for the dance.

Courtney carefully placed and pinned the tiara on my head. We completed our outfits with jewelry. I heard my mom call us down, our dates were here. Courtney went down first, there were claps and "awwws" from the families. Then I made my descent. I walked down the steps and smiled at Corey. His eyes told me all I needed to know. He was a lucky bastard tonight. He wore a charcoal suit with a tie that matched my dress. We posed for pictures and I pinned his boutonniere on his lapel. He slipped a lovely corsage on my wrist.

The four of us got into the limo and picked up the other two couples: Faith and her date Michael, and Christie and her date Chuck. Faith wore a hot pink tight frock that fell just below her knees and Christie was in a peach silk dress. Corey held my hand tightly the whole ride to the school.

The music was thumping when we walked into the gym, kids dancing in couples and groups. The Nerd Herd sitting on the bleachers, doing



their best to attract the attention of the wallflower girls. Teachers roamed the floor watching for tomfoolery and lording over the punch bowl so no one spikes it.

I searched the room almost desperately looking for Steve. I finally realized that Corey had been trying to ask if I wanted punch.

"Duh?" I finally replied and like a happy puppy, he ran for the punch.

Like a dream, a slow song started and the crowd seemed to part and I saw Steve walking towards me. He watched me intensely as he got closer, until he landed about three feet from me. Looking down at me, he sheepishly smiled and was about to speak when I felt a hand go to my waist.

"Hey Harrington. Kick-Ass game, right?" They had won. Suddenly he kissed my cheek "here's your punch, doll." Steve's eyes blanched briefly. I turned my head and smiled.

"Thank you." And I took the punch. Steve and Corey exchanged niceties before Steve backed off and blended back into the crowd. I swallowed the cup of punch in one chug. Corey took that as an open window for us to dance and we did. We danced for several songs before the principle interrupted the festivities to introduce the Homecoming court. Once again, Steve and I were next to each other, the perfect couple. The dream duo. Now came the awkward dance of the king and queen.

We moved to the floor, encircled by the rest of our schoolmates. Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah started and hands went to shoulders and hips for the requisite uncomfortable side-shuffle dance. I avoided eye contact but I could feel his gaze burning into me. I wanted to cry, he smelled so good. Like spicy oranges, probably his dad's cologne. Suddenly, I felt his cheek drop to mine, resting against it. I could feel his warm breath on my ear and I shivered. His hand tightened against the small of my back and I am certain I felt his lips brush my jaw gently. I definitely wanted to cry. The song ended in a deafening silence, the crowd clapping. We separated quickly and a hopping crowd engulfed us as a faster beat song roared through the speakers. Corey grabbed me for more dancing. I sort of felt bad that he was definitely not the forefront of my brain. It's too bad that he was kind

of a drip, he would not work properly in my plans for Operation Get Steve Jealous and Back With Me. I needed someone with more edge and chutzpah.

I needed a rest and sat down on a bleacher. Two seconds later, some ultra geek was next to me with his sweaty arm slung over my shoulder. I cried out and shoved him off of me "ugh. In your dreams, weasel!"

"Maybe stop being so beautiful and you might get left alone." I blushed at the voice and looked up at Steve. He was smirking and offered a cup of punch to me. I gladly took it as he sat down next to me.

"Why would I want to stop being beautiful?" I beamed and winked.

And we sat in silence for a little bit. Corey waved to us from the floor and I waved back.

"Have you fucked Corey yet?"

The question caught me off guard, I was nearly speechless. My angry face turned to Steve "Are you kidding me, right now?"

He leaned back with that bravado that made me want to punch him "what? Did you? He was worthy, but not me?"

I was at a total loss for words. I would not let him see me cry. I stood up and exited the gym, going for the girls room. I would have gotten there faster but the damn yearbook photographer kept wanting me to pose with various students. I finally broke free and ran into the restroom. I started breathing quickly in a panic attack. Leaning over the sink, I wanted to vomit. My friends entered and surrounded me.

"I can't believe Steve did that." Faith hissed.

"Are you kidding? He's an asshole. He's always been an asshole." This was from Christie.

"Hopefully Corey kicks his ass" Courtney added while she handed me a wad of tissue to wipe my nose with. One of their hands was rubbing my back trying to calm me down.

"I want to go home." My voice felt small, I felt small. For the first time that I could remember, I felt weak and impotent. I wanted to curl up in my bed and cry forever.

I got my wish and was deposited back to my house. Corey had been a perfect gentleman and made sure I made it in safely. He didn't try any funny stuff. It was like he already knew I had been through enough hell for one evening. It really was too bad I felt absolutely nothing for him beyond friends.

I had intended to listen to Total Eclipse of the Heart on repeat all night while crying but instead I grew angry. This would not do. I was not weak, I was not impotent, and I was not about to go down without a fight. Steve was about to have the full obnoxious force of Queen Bee fall upon him.

One week later, the key to my plan pulled into the school parking lot in a Camaro. I stood with my friends and watched the driver of said Camaro emerge and the entire collective female population of Hawkins High school simultaneously orgasmed. He would do.

### 3. Chapter 3

October 1984

Billy Hargrove was the hottest thing to waltz into Hawkins High. I watched every girl and woman in the building literally stop what they were doing to watch him as he walked by. I am not sure if it was simply because he was new or if he really was this magnetic. Tall, muscular, with beautiful yet chiseled good looks, stunning blue eyes, he checked off all the boxes. The boys were, decidedly, not pleased with this new addition. I leaned against my locker, hip kicked out, and met his passing glance. I didn't smile like the other silly girls. I assessed him shrewdly, my own blue eyes scanning his form, watching for anything telling of his character. I rolled my eyes at him and turned away. Finally scooting off of my locker and heading to class. I passed Steve and stayed stoney-faced.

Later in the week, I sat in the library working on an English paper when Courtney plopped down in front of me, her brown eyes twinkling. Someone had gossip.

"Ok. So his name is Billy Hargrove and he's from California." Ok, so far, information I already knew. "And basketball season is going to be really interesting."

That peaked my interest "oh? Why?"

"Apparently, he's really good and Steve is really pissed."

I smirked "no doubt."

Then her eyes cast around as if she had something else to say but couldn't quite muster it.

"Spit it out." I said snappishly.

Courtney nibbled her lower lip "so. Like. It turns out that Steve and Nancy are not like broken up?...per se...?"

Really. That hit me like a brick "huh."

"I guess she's been a total freakazoid about her friend Betsy and it's been aggravating Steve. She's been spending a lot of time with Jonathan Byers?" The lilt in her voice had never been so annoying.

"So what the hell was up with the bullshit he pulled with me at the dance?"

"Sounds like regret, to me." Courtney shrugged. I sat up straight against my chair back, I could feel my brow furrow deeply. That would also explain why Steve wasn't actively pursuing any other girls.

"Are we going to Tina's Halloween party?"

She cocked her head "you tell us, Queen Bee. We are waiting for your orders."

I chewed on my pinky nail and nodded "yes. We are going. Dressed to kill."

"Oh yes!" Courtney squealed.

The Halloween party would be a perfect event to gauge this still-existing relationship between Steve Nancy. Also, maybe Billy would be there and I could also gauge him.

I walked the hallways with a regained sense of confidence and purpose. When I passed by Steve's group on one side and Billy on the other, I acknowledged neither. Larry Dalton attempted some sort of contact but my arm shot out and bopped him away, I continued walking. Laughter rang out through the hallway.

"You're such a loser, Dalton. Ha!" A voice taunted.

The night of Tina's party arrived and my squad and I walked into her house dressed like sexy French maids.

"Housekeeping is here!" Someone snorted from somewhere else "get to cleaning up the puke, ladies!"

We rolled our eyes and moved further into the house. Standard jungle juice in punch bowl, keg stand in the kitchen, assorted soggy chips,

rando couples making out in every available nook and cranny. Yep, it was a party. My eyes darted around and landed on my intended target: Steve feeding Nancy liquor. I seethed from the sight of it. Nancy and I couldn't be more different. Looks-wise, we were miles apart. She was tiny. Petite and delicate. Olive-toned with a mass of pretty dark curls and enormous blue eyes. No curves to speak of but it worked on her. I was tall, five foot seven inches in barefeet. I had lots of blonde hair, usually curled. I was tan also with blue eyes and way more body than Nancy. She was delicate, I was athletic and buxom. Our personalities were the biggest difference. I was outgoing and feared, she was quiet and nice. No one ever had a bad thing to say about Nancy Wheeler. It was annoying as hell.

I watched them, my eye twitching. I walked over to the jungle juice and poured a big cup. Steve and Nancy looked over at me, she smiled politely but I just glowered at them both and walked away. I slumped against a wall and sipped the drink. It was at that moment that Billy started walking my direction. I looked away from him, feigning boredom which wasn't hard. He half-leaned against the wall, close to me, his arm above my head. I finally swung my eyes to his which were intensely watching me.

"You look bored with your kingdom." He smelled good, like tobacco and nice cologne. I merely raised my cup to my mouth and drank. I didn't notice his other hand until it touched me. A finger tracing along the boning seam of my costume.

"I am bored" my tone flat until my breath hitched when I felt his finger tickle my belly through the fake satin material.

He smiled like a snake charmer "let's remedy that, shall we?"

I looked back at Steve and Nancy, my eye twitching again and I grinned up at Billy "sounds rad."

I took his hand and led him upstairs, I knew Tina's house well. All the bedrooms were taken but not the hall bathroom. I led him in there. He shut the door and I could feel the heat from his hulking body. He had to only be like 3% body fat. The muscles on his arms rock solid. I traced a vein going along his forearm. His eyes were predatory and he moved closer. I needed to keep this impersonal so I turned from

him and rested my arms on the countertop. He chuckled behind me and I felt his hands lift my skirt and fingers glide along my ass. I bit my lip and looked in the mirror. Billy was watching me through it.

Fingers went between my legs and grazed my panties, I moaned and knew they were wet. He grinned and I heard his belt buckle and zipper. A finger slid my panties out of the way and glided over my slit. I needed him inside of me. I looked in the mirror, my eyes pleading. I felt him nudge me and start pushing forward. My fingers gripped the counter and he pumped forward, I couldn't mask my reaction to the sharp short pain, a squeal and gasp. He pulled out partway and looked at me through the reflection, his eyes on fire.

"Well now that's a fucking surprise." I swore he growled before pushing deeper into me. I could tell that I would need to brace myself and he started fucking harder and faster. His dick was stretching me, my channel slickening and heating. He did start growling, keeping his ice blue eyes locked on my face in the mirror. All I could do was moan loudly and keep from slipping.

My body unleashed a wave of lust and shuddering electricity, crying out. Behind me, he let out a roar and pulled out, his semen spurting onto my thighs. We both stood there panting for a moment. His head dropped to rest on my back. Once I had gathered my wits, I shook him off of me and turned to him.

I patted him on the chest "Thank you. That was fun." And I exited the bathroom. Leaving him behind.

I walked gingerly down the stairs. I felt a light stinging and kinda slimy. I heard a kerfluffle coming from a corner and saw Steve and Nancy fighting. She was way too drunk and he was being way too himself. I frowned at Nancy's face as it crumbled. Her shirt was a mess. Her friends finally stepped in and pulled her away. Steve fell back with his friends. Time for a little payback on behalf of all womankind.

I walked towards Steve and before he could react, I took some of the bloody slimy mess from between my legs and wiped it into an "L" on his forehead.

"You wanted my virgin blood. Now you can have it." I smiled like a satisfied bitch and walked out of the house. I briefly turned my head and saw that Billy had been standing on the steps.

Behind me I heard a howling laughter.

"Holy shit, Harrington! That was so disgusting and hilarious!"

I smirked. No one would forget Tina's party this year.



## 4. Chapter 4

October 1984

I woke up the next morning after the party to my phone ringing. I reached over, grabbing it, and mumbling into it.

"Oh my God, Brooke! Everyone is talking nonstop about what you did to Steve. You are an icon!" Christie was practically shrieking in my ear.

"So I'm not a social pariah for wiping pussy blood on him?"

"Are you kidding? After what he pulled at Homecoming? Every girl wants to be you, right now." How could someone be this perky the morning after a party? "And he only made it worse by ditching Nancy. Yeah...he totally just left her there. But lucky for her, Jonathan Byers swooped in for the rescue. He's kinda cute. I never noticed before."

I listened to Christie prattle on. I needed a hot bath and some food.

"Christie, we should meet up later at the yogurt shoppe. Tell the others." I suggested and she happily agreed and let me off the phone.

I got out of bed and went to my bathroom, running the water in my tub. I was really sore and still bleeding a little. I wondered how much of that scene Billy had witnessed and if Steve had connected the dots. I poured orange oil into the water and contemplated my logic of what I had done.

I refused to sleep with Steve because he made me feel like he only wanted to have sex just to do it, because everyone else was. I wanted to have sex with HIM. It wasn't about the actual motions or sacred virginity. I wanted him to tell me he loved me and wanted me. That sex was for us. The next level in our relationship. Then I went and got boffed in a bathroom by some dude I don't even know. Why? I was angry. Very angry. Hurt and probably passed caring. I sank into my citrusy bath and sighed.

Billy's eyes were seared into my memory. I had never had a guy look at me the way he did. The way he ran his tongue over his lower lip before pounding into me. I nearly moaned out loud in the tub thinking about it. Now he probably thinks I am a total nutcase. I closed my eyes and relished in the steam.

I am not sure how much time passed because I woke with a start when I heard the doorbell. It kept going, meaning it wouldn't stop until I answered it. My parents were gone for the weekend, so I guess the butler was me. I got out of the tub and put on my pink terrycloth robe and slippers. I went downstairs and opened the door. My jaw hitting the floor. Billy was standing in the doorway. His eyes dragged up and down my form.

"What...how...wait?" Why couldn't I form a sentence? I sighed deeply and tried again "How do you know where I live?"

He laughed lightly "I stalked you. No way I couldn't after what you did last night, babe. No way." He then just stepped into my foyer. No invite, nothing. Just walked in like he owned the joint. His eyes were kept trained right on me.

"Well, it's kind of creepy." I stated and backed up.

"You shouldn't be answering your door looking and smelling the way you do, babe."

My body hummed and my brain raced a mile a minute "don't call me babe."

He laughed again, it was like silk and I just wanted to rub myself all over him.

"Kitten then. You are adorable." He moved closer "and the way you felt last night." Closer "a guy could get used to that." He finally backed me into a wall, he put his arms up on either side of my head and dipped his face into my neck. "Mmmm. You smell good enough to eat." He purred into my neck and I shuddered. My hands went to his chest and pushed, but to no avail. His hot mouth was at my ear and he bit my lobe gently. He kissed back to my neck, sucking at the skin over my pulse.

Moaning but pushing again "we shouldn't..."

His face was in front of mine and his mouth was hovering mine "Shhh." And he kissed me hard, his tongue plunging into my mouth. Billy growled and pulled open my robe, hoisting me up and setting me right down onto his erection that I had not even known he freed. He sunk into me to the hilt, it hurt but not as bad as last night. He ground me into the wall and all I could do was wrap my legs around his hips. My nails dug into his shoulders and his lips ravaged my mouth again. My skin felt like it was on fire and the pressure building in my still tender pussy was overwhelming. My whimpers turned into outright cries as he continued thrusting deeply. A hot rush flowed over me so strongly that I almost got nauseated and my pussy felt like it exploded around Billy's flesh. He roared and shoved into me so hard, my back scraped against the wall. He was still inside me when he calmed, panting. I leaned back against the wall, my legs still hitched around his hips, breathing heavily and trying to get my bearings. My ears were ringing and I had a hard time focusing.

Billy finally pulled his head up "Jesus fucking Christ, babe. You're incredible." He kissed me, catching my lower lip between his teeth and smiling. He let me down. I looked up at him, I didn't need to see my face and neck to know they were blushed red.

"I have to meet my friends at the yogurt shoppe and I need to shower. I can't go looking like I just got fucked against my foyer wall." I cast my eyes to the side.

Billy chuckled "then close your robe, babe, or you will not be going to any yogurt shoppe anytime today and maybe even tomorrow." There was both jest and warning in his tone. I nodded and complied. He invaded my space again and put his hand to my face, running his thumb over my lip "you smell like you got fucked against your foyer wall too. Maybe I want you stay that way." Why were his eyes so intense? He dropped his hand, adjusted his clothes and walked to my door, he turned before leaving "until next time, babe." He winked and exited, probably ignoring me when I called out to him.

"Don't call me babe."

I ran up to my bathroom, shutting the door and leaning against it.

What the hell just happened? Did I just seriously have sex, again, with Billy Hargrove? What was wrong with me? I turned on my shower. I should have just picked Corey Lang. He was nice and benign. Billy was trouble for sure.

After my shower, I finally met up with the girls at Spencer's Yogurt Shoppe. Faith examined me, her shrewd eyes sweeping my body. Looking at my face. She knew something was up. She harumphed and sat down at the table.

"So are the rumors true? You and Billy Hargrove boinked in the bathroom at Tina's?" She was not accusatory though.

Christie tittered "I mean someone had to pop her cherry for that little stunt she pulled."

The table went dead silent then erupted in laughter. I blushed.

"Yeah. It was Billy."

"Shut up!" Courtney yelled "was he amazing? He looks like he's amazing in bed."

"No way. Guys that beautiful are usually terrible. They don't think they have to put any effort in it." Faith snarked.

Courtney was not convinced by Faith's cynicism "nope. He looks like he puts forth like 150% effort. At least." She nodded at all of us "maybe even like 200%."

"God... you're so lucky. I will probably die a virgin." Christie pouted. "Just throw me into the volcano to appease the gods now."

We ordered our food and continued chatting. Afterwards, we went to the arcade. That was pretty much all there was to do in Hawkins. Eat food, hang out at the arcade, or make out at the quarry. At the arcade, kids were everywhere. I nearly got run down by a redhead on a skateboard. We decided to go over to the roller rink the arcade was attached to. It seemed safer. A bunch of classmates were there. I rented my skates and sat down to put them on. Suddenly, a lanky kid with a goofy grin was next to me.

"Pardon me but I need to shake the hand of the woman that knocked King Steve on his ass. Metaphorically speaking." He was vigorously shaking my hand before skating off. I just looked at my friends and shook my head.

"Monday is going to be interesting."

We skated, laughed, and for a couple of hours felt like kids again. I only fell down like ten times. Courtney dropped all of us at home. I was standing at my door, unlocking it when I felt heat at my back and the familiar scent was all that was keeping me from stabbing out an eye with my keys. I unlocked my door without looking back.

"You know, creeping is like a crime in most states." I stated and was greeting with a light laugh.

"I'm not creeping. I wanted to tuck you in, babe."

I turned around to admonish him for calling me babe but his mouth attacked mine before I could. My arms looped around his neck as I matched the ferocity of his kiss.

There was a knock at the door and we paused. I untangled myself, scootched Billy behind the door out of sight, and opened it. Steve was standing there. I grimaced.

"What do you want?"

He looked like he was trying to gather some sort of spinal fortitude. "Can we talk?"

I crossed my arms over my chest petulantly "we have nothing to talk about. You dumped me and have been an absolute ass ever since."

"So you just bang some rando? In a bathroom?"

Billy moved out from behind the door and pulled me flush against his front, an arm encircling my waist "I'm not some rando and it's none of your business who or what Brooke does." He looked up Steve's head "I think the L stained your skin. It was probably my baby batter mixed in with the cherry juice that did it." He snorted and kissed the top of my head.

Steve's face fell. He literally had no response. He shouldn't have come to my house. But half of me wanted him in my arms. I wanted him to make my mind and body feel the way Billy made it. He was my soul mate, I am certain of that. Why couldn't he love me back? Why did it have to take everything that has happened for him to even speak to me since last year?

I merely shook my head "Go home Steve." I shut the door on him and disappeared into Billy's embrace.

Billy left at some point in the middle of the night as I slept, well and truly worn out.

## 5. Chapter 5

December 1984

I pushed Billy off of me after we finished humping like bunnies in the old boys locker room. I needed to straighten my cheerleading uniform. The squad's break was almost over and I had to get back on the floor. Frankly, so did Billy. He told the coach he had to "shit like an oily elephant" in order to sneak away for our little tryst. We had gotten to the point where we could barely keep our hands off of each other. We literally did nothing else. We didn't go on dates, I don't think I had ever eaten in front of Billy. We just fucked. At my house, his house, his car, the school, the movie theater.

I kissed him quickly and ran off to the gym first. I reconvened with the rest of the cheer team. Billy entered a little while later with a couple of other players to look less conspicuous. Steve looked murderous. He was still angry that Billy was made first string despite being new. I haven't seen much of Steve lately. He's been hanging around with a group of middle schoolers...like a lot. It was kind of weird. He definitely actively avoided me, ever since the night at my door.

The holiday season was my favorite time of year. Hawkins was lit up and music was in the air. Quite literally as carolers were everywhere. I checked two more names off of my gift list while I wandered down Main Street. I waved and said hello to many passersby. I stopped to listen to the girls glee club, dressed in Victorian costume, sing carols at the gazebo. Sheriff Hopper was breaking apart a feud between two old ladies, he looked like he wanted to throw himself into the path of an oncoming train. The only gift I was struggling with was one for Billy. He didn't really have likes outside of his car, lifting weights, smoking, and molesting me. Ugh. Guys were so hard to shop for. I heard my name and saw Tracy Cramer coming towards me. She was captain of girls volleyball and all-around cool chick.

"Hey Brooke. Just wanted to make sure you remembered my party. It's the Saturday between Christmas and New Year's. You better come."

I smiled brightly "sure thing Tracy. You can count on it."

"Awesome!" She ran off. I continued on my journey for the perfect Billy gift. I went into RadioShack. It was their first holiday season since Bob died. Bob was the manager, a really sweet guy if not the King of Dorklords. He would have been able to help me find the perfect gift. I am not sure how he died, I heard it was an animal attack. Like a pack of rabid feral dogs or something. He had been dating Joyce Byers and she was absolutely heartbroken. I think half of the town was at his funeral.

I wandered up and down the aisles. I eyed something called a CD player but scoffed at the price. Billy did need a new stereo for his bedroom. His jackass dad broke his. I hated his father, he was a drunk and an abuser. He called Billy names and would try to get physical. It was horrible. I saw a bright yellow boom box and decided that was the gift. I grabbed one of the boxes and purchases it. The clerk even giftwrapped it for me. I was standing on a corner waiting for my dad when I saw Billy across the street but he was not alone. He was talking to Karen Wheeler. He was standing close to her and charming her knickers off. I frowned deeply, my eye beginning to twitch. Especially, when I saw his hand go to her shoulder and caress down her arm. Just then my dad pulled up and I got into the car. I could feel the tears burning in the corners of my eyes. Maybe it was nothing. Maybe it was everything. I went home and tossed and turned in my bed.

A few nights later, Billy came to my house. My parents gone for the weekend again. We frolicked on the couch in the glow of our Christmas tree and fireplace. His face was buried between my legs, sucking my clit until I shrieked. My thighs were crushing around his head when he finally decided to kiss his way up my body. He stopped at my breasts, squeezing and licking my nipples before drawing one into his mouth. I looked down and met his eyes. I gasped, in the firelight they looked devilish and pale. He stared back unblinking, even as he bit down.

My back arched and I cried out "fuck!" The pleasure and pain mixed up. He bit down on the other nipple, drawing the same reaction from me. I stared back at him, the intensity was unnerving. He seemed to run on pure emotion. There was no stereotypical male stoicism. If he



was angry, you knew. If he was happy, you knew. If he wanted to fuck you, you knew. I was not sure if I liked that or not. He scared me sometimes. And he was charming as hell. I'd get uncomfortable watching him sweet talk female clerks at the liquor store or at the gas station. Every mom in town had been on the receiving end of his flirtation. Especially, Karen Wheeler. I don't understand why I was caring how he was with other women. Billy was supposed to be a means to an end.

Billy bit me sharply on my side and I yelped.

"Just making sure you are still here with me, babe."

I grinned down my body at him and spread my legs, beckoning "I am always here with you."

He shot me a wicked smile and impaled me quickly and roughly. He dropped down onto me, burying his face into my neck. My nails played along his shoulders and back. I closed my eyes briefly and imagined it was Steve inside of me. As if my body knew what I really wanted, it softened. A feeling I never had before. My pussy practically sucked Billy's dick deeper and it pulsed around him. My knees drew up and gave full access to every bit he could take. I continued imagining Steve making love to me, saying all the sweet things I needed him to. The strongest orgasm I have had washed over me, causing me to quake under Billy, my nails digging into his flanks. My legs wrapped around his hips and squeezed him deeper into me. It nearly hurt. It was when I felt a sharp pain in my neck, that I remembered who I was actually with. Billy bit me and was sucking my neck so hard, I thought the skin would detach. I whimpered and came again. He growled and burst inside of me, normally he pulled out. Only one other time, did he finish in me. He stayed in me as he settled. He looked at me and kissed me bruisingly. That devilish look was back in his eyes and something else, something I had never seen. He watched me as he pulled out, drawing a husky moan from me.

He sat up on the couch, pulling me up with him. My neck hurt, really hurt. I didn't see blood on his mouth so I doubt skin was broken. The expression he was giving me made me want to back away. I realized at that moment he had noticed how my bodily reacted differently this time and he thought it was about him. I bit my lip and gulped. I was

not about to burst his bubble. Billy was unpredictable at best. People were murdered in the heat of passion for less offenses.

I smiled and attempted to lighten the mood "wanna beer?"

He briefly looked over at the glowing tree and then back at me "sure, babe." He grinned. Why did he have to be so beautiful, especially right now? His strawberry blonde hair was mussed and his muscles still shone with coital sweat. His full mouth red and swollen from our kissing. I moved to get off the couch when he caught my wrist, stopping me. My eyes caught his thoughtfully.

"Something else?" I asked softly.

"Just hurry back. I don't want you gone from me for too long."

I chuckled "I'm only going to the fridge." I motioned to the kitchen that was only like 15 feet away. His expression changed slightly but just enough to make my pulse quicken. I blinked repeatedly for a moment and then pulled my wrist from his grip. I returned shortly with two beers and a bag of chips. I made it clear that I needed a break from our activities for a little bit and I turned on MTV. Billy kept his eyes on me the whole time.

I woke up in my bed when the sunlight came through the curtains, a heavy arm was draped across my midriff. Shit! He never left. I really needed to pee, I had to scoot out from under him. He groaned in his sleep as I slipped out of the bed and went into the bathroom. When I sat down on the toilet, I felt a strong gush sort of pop out of my vagina. That was when it really hit me that Billy came in me all night long. How could I be this stupid? This is how teen moms are created and Billy and I would be absolutely terrible parents. The poor crotchfruit would stand no chance. I grabbed my washcloth, wetted it with soap, and tried to clean myself out as best as I could. I was in full panic mode. When I felt like I had gotten myself as squeaky clean as possible, I went back out into the bedroom. Billy was sitting up in my bed. He laughed sheepishly.

"Sun's up. Oops."

I nodded and he went to put his clothes on. I couldn't help myself but

I had to watch his golden body move. The muscles rippling as he dressed.

"Keep looking at me like that and your parents will come back today and see me fucking you on the kitchen counter."

I blushed and looked away "yeah. You should go. I need to clean up downstairs anyways."

He stalked towards me and pulled me into a kiss. His hand went thoughtfully to my neck, I winced when he touched the mother of all hickeys he had put there. "Sorry about that. On the plus side, everyone will know you belong to me."

My eye twitched at his words. I could only nod. This was not a scenario I had ever dreamed of. At least not with Billy Hargrove. He winked at me and walked out of my house. I got dressed quickly and went about cleaning the living room and removing any traces of our presence.

I needed to get out for a bit. I met up with Faith at the coffee bar. I relayed everything that had happened to her. Faith was my most loyal and least silly friend.

"Do you think he's in love with you?"

"I have no idea. He wears his feelings on his sleeve so it's pretty easy to gauge his emotions. But I have never seen the way he was looking at me before. Not with me, not with his sister, or anyone else." I took a desperate chug of my coffee, my nails tapping against the ceramic nervously.

Faith watched me, her green eyes full of concern "he sounds infatuated at the very least. This might be a dangerous game you're playing. Maybe take a break? I mean, Steve has got to have learned his lesson at this point, right?" She looked out the window and saw a kid run by the window. Her nose wrinkled.

"Especially lately. He doesn't even hang out with people his own age anymore." She shook her head in quasi-disgust.

"I'm going to have to time it right to break it off. Whatever it is we

have, that is. I didn't even consider us dating. It was like fuck buddies or something. I still love Steve."

Faith's face was all I needed to see to know that I was an absolute dope. I sucked down more coffee and we sat in silence.

The Friday before Tracy's party, Billy and I were in the parking lot of burger restaurant, me leaning against the warmth of his Camaro and him ravaging my mouth. The parking lot was empty.

"I was thinking we could go to the party around 8?" I stated after his mouth left mine for other tender parts like my still smarting neck. He had moved the scarf and was licking my sort of wound. He didn't look at me when he replied, he was focused on my neck.

"I'm not going to that lame party and you're not either."

What? "These are my friends and I vowed to go to every party my senior year. I have to go."

His eyes were before mine in a blink, there was anger and I shrunk back against his car. "I said you're not going." His hand went to one of my breasts, squeezing it through my coat and clothing "I have plans for you and they don't include sharing you with a bunch of nerds from school."

I snapped out of this trance he had me in. It was one thing to screw around during games or on my couch. It was another to isolate me from my social life. Hell no. I shoved him back a bit.

"Where do you get off with that? I am allowed to spend time with my friends. Drinking shitty beer and dancing to bad music."

He snarled and pushed me back against the car "you are mine."

I shoved at him and stood up fully, looking up at him "I don't belong to anyone. Not even you."

A deadly mood shifted over his features but I need to stay strong for myself. I maneuvered around his form. He watched every step I made like a jungle cat.

"I mean...are you out of your mind? We aren't even technically dating."

Another snarl. Seriously, was this guy actually an escapee from a secret lab of cat people? I backed up slowly, channeling my Queen Bee bitchitude "maybe you should go see if Karen Wheeler needs her toes curled. Lord knows her goofy husband isn't doing it."

Billy's expression made me fully aware that I was playing with fire. He looked like he was about to walk towards me when Hopper's truck pulled up into the gap between Billy and I. He looked thoroughly unamused.

"What are you two idiots doing out here? Burger Palace closed an hour ago and it's cold as hell." He looked at me and must have recognized the distressed look on my face. He turned towards Billy "Hargrove, get your ass home before I arrest it."

"Arrested for what? I'm not breaking any laws."

Hopper sighed "For annoying the crap out of me. That's a law. Not annoying me." He cast a side-glance at me "I will make sure Miss Landerhaven gets home." He honked his horn "I said scram."

Billy glared at me and got into his car, driving off. I got into the sheriff's truck, buckling in. We sat in silence as Hopper started driving home. He pulled into my driveway and finally spoke. His jaw was tight

"You wanna tell me anything or report anything?"

I shook my head "No. I think I am ok."

He didn't look convinced on any level "hm-mm. Well you make sure to come see me if and when you do."

I nodded "Thank you. I will."

I got out of his truck and walked into the house. I leaned against the door after I shut it and burst into tears. The gravity of what transpired tonight was too much to handle. I ran up to my room and called Faith. I would go to Tracy's party, I would be normal with my

friends. I needed to feel normal again.

## 6. Chapter 6

Disclaimer: Still don't own the canon Stranger Things Characters. No money is made. And yes, the smut continues. I did say this would be mostly smut. Continue enjoying if you are doing so.

I surveyed my image in the mirror and knew I was asking for trouble with my outfit. A form-fitting red sweater dress, black pantyhose, black high heels, and gold jewelry I borrowed from my mom. My blonde hair hung long, silky, and curled down my back. Red lipstick that matched the dress. I topped off my outfit with a headband of felt reindeer antlers. Maybe I needed trouble though. The good old fashioned kind, not obsessed male kind. Like drinking until I puked and playing Seven Minutes in Heaven with dorky boys I would never even speak to in school. And I really really wanted Steve to be there.

I grabbed my coat and purse, bolting out the door and jumping into Courtney's car with the others. We sang Christmas songs loudly and terribly on the drive to Tracy's house. When we pulled up, other partiers were arriving, cars sprawled out in the drive and on the lawn. We rushed in to get out of the frigid cold. People were already drinking and dancing.

"Queen Bee! Woohoo! She has arrived!" Corey shouted and handed me a beer with a smile. I grinned back and we clinked cans for taking a big swig.

Tracy came running up, she was wearing some sort of hideous vest with elves and reindeer on it. It was kind of distracting "oh my god, your outfit is amazing." Mine was, not hers. Never hers. What the heck, Tracy? You looked in a mirror and actually thought "yeah I'm good"?

I just mustered "Thanks!"

She raced off to greet other people and I moved into the dancing fray and joined. Three beers in and I was finally feeling my old self again. I felt a hand on my shoulder and I turned. Steve stood there. His patrician features as handsome as ever. His hair still insane. He smiled at me briefly and leaned close.

"Can we talk?" He looked away for a moment "please?"

I shrugged "far be it for me to turn down a sincere please". A small current went through my arm when his warm hand took mine and he led me off to a quieter place in the house. I was caught off guard by that. We ended up sitting on steps in the back stairwell.

"You look really beautiful." His tone was different. Kinder somehow. It actually made me blush.

"Thank you."

"No Billy?" He inquired with zero malice in his tone. What the heck happened to King Steve these past couple of months?

"Nope. We were never really a couple. Just like...it was a thing but now it's over?" I stated.

"So this whole get up is just you being you again?"

His question made me realize the levity of how my life had been going. And I wanted to be as honest with Steve as possible. Full disclosure, transparency.

"It was for you..." I looked away embarrassed. "It was always about you."

His voice caught in his throat but he cleared it "me? Why me?"

I swung my eyes to him, I could feel a tear building in the corner of one "because I loved...still love...you. and you broke my heart. And I wanted to hurt you like you hurt me." It took great pains to admit this shit and I winced waiting for the hammer of rejection to come down.

Instead he grabbed my head and kissed me. It was like a floodgate opened and the kissing became enthusiastic. Our hands mutually clawed through each other's hair. His tongue sunk into my mouth like he was trying to claim my tonsils. We smashed our bodies together, never breaking the kiss. I practically climbed into his lap because I needed him so badly. His kiss was so different from Billy's, his scent, his taste...I remembered it perfectly.



"Woahhhh! The King and Queen are back together!"

We jumped at the voice and saw four guys from the basketball team watching us with giant drunken grins. We broke apart and waved to them before standing and climbing up to the landing out of their sight. Steve and I stared at each other and began kissing again. He stopped our kiss and put his forehead against mine.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was a jackass." He whispered softly. He took my hand and led me up the stairs to an empty bedroom. It must have been the master because it was big and really decked out. Steve locked the door and grabbed me again, kissing. I parted from him and proceeded to lift my sweater dress over my head. I stood in front of him in a black lace bra, matching panties, black thigh high hose. He just drank me in.

"My god, you're stunning." He walked closer to me and his hand reached out and he ran his fingers up at my stomach. I shivered. His fingers made their journey to one of my breasts and grazed it gently. I grabbed his hand and squeezed it over my tit.

"I won't break, Steve." As if my assurance was the cue, he thumbed my hardening nipple and his other hand slid up my side. I undid the front clasp of my bra and let my breasts spring free. I licked my lower lip as I watched his face. He moaned and dropped to his knees before me and kissed my belly before pulling me down onto the plush carpet with him. As I lowered, he caught a nipple in his mouth. I purred and kissed the top of his head. He moved between both nipples. He was so gentle, nothing at all like Billy. There was no animal sounds or possessive marking, just his sweet mouth and slow hands. I helped Steve take his sweater off. Unlike Billy, he had a dark line of hair that disappeared into his jeans down his stomach. I wanted to lick that line of hair. I pushed him back onto the floor and straddled him, planting kisses on his chest and down his abs. I unbuttoned his jeans, I slipped down his legs pulling his pants and underwear along with me. His dick sprung out and Steve laid his head down, sighing. I moved back up his body to claim my prize and my hand encircled his engorged flesh. He looked and felt slightly bigger than Billy. The scent of him drove me crazy, I bent my head down and licked along the shaft. Steve must not have expected that because his head popped up with wide eyes. I grinned at him and licked again, this time taking

the swollen head into my mouth... swirling my tongue around it. Steve's hips bucked and his hands grabbed me and pulled me up, kissing fiercely.

"I love that but I don't want to cum too soon." He licked into my mouth and, honest to goodness, ripped my lace panties off. I laughed in surprise. I disposed of the torn material and opened my thighs over him and slowly sat down on his member. I had to adjust and inch him in. He was definitely bigger than Billy. Poor Nancy, her first time was with this? No wonder Steve was always so cocky. He finally slid fully in and I sat down for a moment, a sharp moan flowing from me. I looked down at Steve and smiled, I had wanted this for far too long. Pure passion was the only thing flowing between us.

I began to slowly ride him, my hips rolling and sliding up and down his dick. I watched him and my body quickened and softened just like that time with Billy when I was fantasizing about Steve. My pussy ached and weeped, I felt as though I needed him to go deeper. His pants and groans fueled my own desire and I began riding harder and faster, my back arching and my head falling back. I ground into him, nails biting into his abs. His hands moved up and grabbed my breasts, teasing and squeezing. I came in a hot rush, arching sharply and squeezing around Steve. He yelped and came as well. It took my body a minute to come down from the orgasmic high, the dopamine pulsating through me. I finally fell back and stretched languidly on the carpet. Steve's hands went to my legs.

"Hey now. Get back over here." He panted and chuckled "I am so not done with you yet."

I rolled into my side and rested. Steve moved up behind me and spooned. He rested his cheek on my bicep and danced his fingers along my hip. "You...you are fantastic." He kissed my shoulder. Then he moved the hair on my neck and ran a finger along the healing bruise there. "Billy hurt you?"

I shrugged "It didn't hurt that badly."

Steve bent his head down and kissed the bruise gently. His mouth moved to my ear and I turned my head to kiss him. I could kiss him forever. He rolled me over onto my back, crawled over me between

my parted thighs.

Steve drove me home. When we pulled into my driveway, he took my hand "pick you up for school Monday morning?"

"I'd love that." I squeezed his fingers.

"I'll call you tomorrow." He kissed my hand.

I reluctantly got out of his car and he waited until I was in my house before pulling away. Smiling uncontrollably, I ran to my room and into my bathroom to take a shower. I slept soundly that night.

Steve did call me on Sunday. We talked for what seemed like hours. A lot of apologies from both sides and other goobery topics. I had missed him so much. It was jarring how different he was. Like he really had an existential crisis or something. He was super chatty about this group of kids. The way he was acting, you'd think they'd have saved the world. Whatever it was that caused this personality shift, I was grateful for it.

## 7. Chapter 7

TW: the following chapter contains nonconsensual actions.

January 1985

A week later, I sat in my government class, not paying attention to anything my teacher was saying. All I could think about was Steve. His face, body, hair, taste, his words. I just stared out of the window to a snowy lawn below.

"Miss Landerhaven. Is there something outside more important than learning about the differences of our government branches?" My teacher's voice made my head snap away from the window. My lip quibbled as I tried to think of something to reply with.

"Deer." I said.

A deep sigh "deer?"

I nodded "deer. Outside. Leaping and bounding."

"Deer that are leaping and bounding, children. Apparently more important than learning about Executive power." He rolled his eyes and walked back to the front of the class "the reality that your generation will be running the world in the future keeps me awake at night."

The bell rang and saved us all. I got up and entered the hallway, packed with students. I was walking to my locker when my arm was snatched and I was pulled into a janitor closet. The growl told me that is was not Steve. Oh shit. I was slammed against a shelving unit and Billy moved his body in front of mine, hands by the sides of my head.

"I gave you the rest of winter break to come to your senses. Instead you hook back up with Harrington?" His eyes promised something not good.

I kicked my chin up and met his angry look with my own "Look Billy, we had fun. But there was never going to be anything more."

He sneered "and why wouldn't there be anything more? I have no say in that?"

"I love Steve. I have loved Steve for years now. That love was there before you came along." I stated these facts as coldly as a doctor explaining how someone died. I shrugged "you were a nice distraction."

His hand shoved down the front of my pants, I cried out when two fingers slid right into me.

"Feels like you still need me, babe." Then he crooked his fingers and the movement caused both an embarrassing reaction and for my person to move towards him "No matter how much you love Steve or how many times he tries to make you feel how I do, this..."he crooked his fingers again "will always belong to me." Then he did something with his fingers that dragged an involuntary orgasm from me. I cried out loudly, my hands gripping the shelving behind me. I looked at him flushed and pissed off.

"I hate you." I hissed. Billy removed his fingers and sucked them into his mouth in a vulgar display and smiled as he licked them clean.

"You can hate me all you want." He leaned close to my ear "but you need me and I will never let you go."

Then he exited the closet and I was left alone. I took a moment to compose myself and to let the hall clear a bit before exiting. I slipped back into the hall and proceeded to my locker. I was checking myself in my little mirror when Steve came up behind me.

"You look perfect. You always look perfect."

I smiled at him through the mirror "No one is perfect." I knew my eyes looked too bright. Hopefully Steve didn't notice. I closed my locker and turned to Steve. I kissed him on the corner of his mouth. "See you at game tonight. I have to go to practice."

We parted ways and I ran to the locker room to change for practice. In the middle of our new routine, I glanced towards the bleachers and saw Billy standing there, watching us. He grinned when our eyes

met and then he walked away.

"Billy is sooooo hot." One of the cheerleaders stated.

"He watched our whole routine. It made me so nervous." Another said.

"I hope he didn't noticed what a sweaty pig I am right now."

"You're always a sweaty pig so..."

"Nice. Be a bigger bitch."

I nearly rolled my eyes. He wasn't there to see any of them. He was there for me. I shook him from my thoughts and continued with the practice.

The game was really awkward. Both Steve and Billy were vying for my attention. Plenty of showing off but then they got aggressive with each other and a fight nearly broke out. The coach and managers dragged them to the bench and put them in time-out like the toddlers they were behaving as. At break, Steve joined me by the snack bar.

"What is going on, Steve?" I snapped.

He looked genuinely perplexed "with what? Why are you mad?"

"I'm not mad. Why are you and Billy behaving like troglodytes?"

"What's a troglodyte?" He was stumped "I'm not the one being a massive douchebag."

I huffed at him "you're both being massive douchebags." I bought my Diet Coke from the stand, stabbed a straw in it and started walking away. Steve stepped into my path.

"I...am... absolutely not being a massive douchebag, thank you very much." He had his hands on his hips and his hair flopped when he said this to me.

"Mmm... yes, you are. Now out of my way. I still have half time to perform." I stepped around him and walked to where the other

cheerleaders were. Steve made sure he didn't cross that invisible line into our turf.

After the game, I needed a hot shower. I used one of the shower stalls in our locker room. The water was nice and toasty when I stepped under it. I was in the middle of shampooing my hair, some of it got into my eyes and as I was blind trying to rinse it out...I was grabbed from behind and pushed against the wall. I screamed and a strong hand went over my mouth. Time seemed to slow down like a bad film reel. I couldn't see but I knew it was Billy. I tried to claw at him and the wall. He was speaking into my ear. Something about needing a reminder. It was muffled like my brain was shutting down. I could feel him. Feel what he was doing and it hurt. I screamed into his hand, I cried. I tried to gouge his eyes out but my hands missed the mark and I merely hit the tiled wall. He kept going and I lost my fight. I checked out of my own body until he finally finished. He turned my head, removed his hand, and kissed me far too hard. He was abruptly gone. I stood shaking under the falling water before collapsing to my knees and cuddling myself up. The shampoo rinsed off of me and emptied down the drain along with blood. I sat there numb. Maybe later I could cry but not now.

I am not sure how long I sat there but I finally stood up, wobbly. I turned off the cool water and wrapped a towel around me. I went out to the locker room. No one was there, when had everyone left? No one saw Billy come in? Did anyone see him leave? I sat down gingerly on the bench, wincing from a deeper pain and slowly got dressed. Should I call Sheriff Hopper? Would he believe me? Would anyone believe me? They would say that I led him on. That I deserved it for using him. Did I deserve it? I walked to the exit of the school and saw my mom sitting in her car, waiting. I went over and got in.

"Hi sweetie. You took so long, I almost left thinking you weren't here." She laughed but stopped when she saw my face "what's wrong? Did something happen?"

I burst into tears. She immediately pulled me into a hug. I couldn't bring myself to tell her but I let her hug me forever. I told her that I didn't feel well and could I stay home from school. She said I definitely could. No questions asked. There are times when my mom

is the best mom.

I spent the next day, laying in bed, and listening to music. I had taken three showers trying to scrub the feeling from my skin. I felt completely unclean and completely unworthy of anything good.



## 8. Chapter 8

January 1985

I met up with Courtney, Faith, and Christie to walk to school. They all immediately had looks of concern on their faces.

"Are you ill?" Faith asked.

"You are literally wearing zero makeup. You must be sick." Christie stated.

"I'm fine. Just tired." I declared in the most unconvincing way ever.

"Like hell, you're tired. You look like Typhoid Mary." Faith was pulling no punches today.

"Seriously I am fine."

Courtney just had to add fuel to the fire "are you on drugs? You look like you should be hanging with the loadies."

I pushed passed them and walked briskly ahead "maybe I should join the loadies!" They stopped stunned for a moment "at least they wouldn't interrogate me or judge me for looking less than perfect!" I didn't care who could hear me "I'm not perfect! I'm not a good person!" I sped up and beat them to school. I ran into the girls restroom and surveyed my image. I did look like shit. My hair was barely brushed, my face looked pale, and I had dark circles under my eyes. Not-to-mention, my nose and upper lip were completely swollen and chapped from my crying.

I sunk down at my desk in my classes. Everyone assumed I had some sort of bug and avoided me. Which was perfectly fine, mind you. I kept my nose in my studies and just tried to survive my day. At one point, I was in the hallway and saw Billy. He watched and nodded at me, a triumphant look in his ice-blue eyes. I quickly turned the other way. I went to the library to be alone instead of braving the cafeteria. I was in a back corner of the library when Steve came over. He leaned on my table and trained his eyes onto me.

"Jesus, Brooke. What is going on? I don't hear from you in like two days and you're all... squirrely. And now you look like a war refugee." He wasn't being mean, just stating facts. I could see genuine concern in his eyes, though I tried to avoid eye contact. I felt soiled and broken. "Seriously. Brooke..." He cocked his head to coax anything from me "you can tell me." His voice had dropped to a gentle tone.

I immediately burst into tears. I wanted to tell him but I also didn't want him to hate me. "I um...I was..." I struggled to find the words "I was attacked after the game?"

Steve leaned down closer "what do you mean attacked?"

I avoided his face "in the shower..."

No more details needed for Steve to put it together "who? Oh...nevermind. I know who." He spat out the last part and took off running. I got up to follow and could hear yelling and shrieks coming from the cafeteria.

I ran into the room and came to a dead halt. Steve and Billy looked like two Tasmanian devils wrestling in a tornado. Steve was accusing Billy of rape over and over.

"Dude! Fuck! I didn't rape her!" Billy spat as they continued to throw punches and attempts to strangle each other. They pulled apart briefly, long enough for Billy to wipe blood from his mouth "I mean I touched her. But not after the game." It was not a smart taunt, Steve hurled himself at full speed into Billy and they crashed through a glass partition. Everyone was shouting and cheering. It was an absolute circus.

Steve had Billy pinned down but he wasn't done poking the bear "Maybe you raped her, Harrington. You knew she'd eventually come back to me." He rolled and ended up on the top "you are a loser." With that Steve threw a whopper of a punch. I just stood there and cried.

The fight carried on for way too long until staff and Sheriff Hopper arrived and broke apart the fray. Within minutes both Steve and Billy

were cuffed and on their way to the station. Hopper came up to me, he was a really big man and he towered.

"Call your parents. Imma need you...to come down to the station." He spoke with that tight-jawed voice like it pained him to be polite. He drove off with Steve and Billy. Both looked out the window at me. I shrunk back.

I used the school secretary's phone to make the call.

We spent four hours at the station. The three of us interviewed and reports made. A deputy came to get me and took me into a room where I could see Billy and Steve sitting. Waiting. Hopper came in and started taking off their cuffs. I started to protest but the deputy calmly shushed me.

"You two idiots can go. Neither of you raped Brooke Landerhaven."

I blinked at his words.

"Both of you have multiple witnesses to verify your whereabouts during the attack. And we have the actual rapist en route here as we speak." Hopper looked thoroughly pissed. The deputy turned to me, her soft brown eyes empathetic.

"Hopper wanted you to witness this, so you knew that he firmly believes both of them innocent." She touched my arm "let's go. We still need to process this other suspect and Hopper wants to speak with you afterwards. You can go sit with your mom."

I nodded and went to a room where my mom was sitting. She pulled me down next to her and cuddled me. We waited and waited. Soon Hopper came in. His face was beat red and he looked like he wanted to nuke the planet.

"Brooke has been here nearly 7 hours. What the hell is going on? My mom demanded. Her blue eyes bloodshot and hella pissed off.

Hopper sighed as if he had had just about enough of everyone's shit today "Eliza. You and I have known each other since we were kids. You know I would never torture yourself or your kid without good cause. "He slid a mug shot in front of me "do you recognize this piece

of shit, Brooke?"

My eyes widened and I felt tears welling, the image hit me like hammer "That's Corey Lang..." O couldn't believe it. "Corey raped me?"

"We have good cause to believe you were one of his victims. He stupidly bragged about you being his latest conquest."

My mom croaked "you said she is one of his victims? There are more?"

"Two more, so far. I guess it doesn't matter how good of an athlete you are, people will turn on you quicker than a bullet." Hopper took back the mugshot. "We had kids follow us back to the station to plead on behalf of Harrington and Hargrove. We got alibis and all kinds of juicy bits. This Lang bastard will probably plead out with the DA. She's going to offer him a decent deal to spare you and the others a trial."

I winced at his casual vernacular. Hopper noticed and put his hands up.

"I apologise. Did not mean to be flippant about your ordeal." He rested his big arms on the table and looked at my mom "Eliza? Can you let Brooke and I have a moment?"

My mom nodded, kissed me on the head, and left the room. Once she did Hopper turned back to me.

"I decided to make it my business and I had a little talk with those two dumbasses that are so in love with you, it makes me sick." He was trying to lighten the mood with that quip "I told them to leave you alone. That you need space and time to heal." I actually agreed with what he was saying "and IF and WHEN you decide, YOU will choose which moron gets the privilege of your company. Until that glorious day, they need to move along."

"Thank you, Hopper." I played with the fraying edges of the shirt I had thrown on this morning "Can I go now?"

"Of course you can, kiddo. And thank you for being a little badass by

reporting what happened to you." He almost smiled, it was a miracle.

I exited the station and went home.

## 9. Chapter 9

May/June 1985

Steve and Billy had done exactly what Hopper had told them to do. They left me alone, which really surprised me on Billy's end because he seemed so obsessed. It turns out that he feared Hopper more than he needed sex from me. I knew I needed the space but that didn't stop me from staring longingly at Steve. I, myself, had turned into a bit of a recluse as the school year approached its end. I still talked to Faith but Courtney and Christie had decided that my baggage was too much baggage and not their baggage. I couldn't really blame them and we'd all be going separate ways soon.

I had been going to regular therapy sessions and I became friends with Jenn and Lori, two of Corey's other victims. None of us felt alone and instead of going to the winter formal and prom, we just hung out together.

Corey had indeed taken a plea deal. He could get paroled in two years but at least none of us had to go through a trial. For that, I was grateful.

I graduated with a passable GPA but with very little fanfare. I planned on registering at a nearby junior college as I did not feel like being far from my family yet. I got a job at the new mall, Starcourt, at The Gap. The mall had been nothing like any of us had experienced before. It was huge and bright with a ton of different types of stores and a foodcourt. I found out Steve worked at Scoops Ahoy, the ice cream shop. He looked really goofy but sweet in his ridiculous outfit. Not that I had room to criticize. I folded sweaters all day and lied to customers about how a shirt looked on them.

I heard Billy had become a lifeguard at the Hawkins pool. I also heard that he had amassed a creepy harem of moms who go to the pool to gawk at him. My family has our own pool, so I could spare myself that shit show.

At work, during my breaks, I would hang out in the food court. Every so often, Steve and I would make eye contact and I would smile.

Then one day, when I was sitting at a table, an ice cream sundae was put in front of me. I looked up and saw a girl about 10 years old with pigtails and barretts. Her face was completely deadpan.

"The super nerd over at Scoops Ahoy asked me to bring you this. I almost didn't but he made me a generous offer regarding samples that I couldn't refuse."

Then she walked away. I looked over to the ice cream stand and met eyes with Steve. I mouthed "thank you" and he nodded, spinning his scoop around his finger.

This girl was one of many kids that seemed to gravitate towards Steve. At the summer went on, I noticed Steve and his coworker and a kid running around the mall like a trio of weirdos. They really thought no one noticed them? I would purposefully take mannequin duty just so I had an excuse to watch their antics.

The strangest thing to happen though, was this was the summer when multiple people went missing or some were just flat out not acting normal. Trey Parsons, who ran the arcade in the mall, would just stand in the middle of the game room and stare. He would only your questions with one word answers or just walk away. Katie Hillebrand was full-on Stepford robot. Rumors buzzed around about tainted water or chemicals in the air or strange viruses. I wasn't one much for conspiracy theories but Katie Hillebrand was a punk. And today, she was wearing a tennis outfit. A pink tennis outfit.

Then there was the encounter with Billy. I was walking to my car after work. The parking lot was mostly empty. I was at my car when I heard my name. I turned around and suddenly Billy was there. He backed me up until I was leaning against my door.

"Billy. Hi. Having a nice summer?" I sounded like a skittish idiot. Billy looked...off. His eyes seemed darker and he had sweat on his brow even though it was fairly chilly.

"Hi, Brooke." He moved closer. His voice sounded strange. He tilted his head and smiled down at me "you look lovely tonight."

Ok. This was getting weird. I put my hands up and gently laid them

on his chest and tried to move him back.

"Billy...please back up. You're a little too close."

"You used to like it when I was too close." The lilt in his speech was off-putting.

"It's been real good seeing you, Billy, but I need to go home." I reached my hand down to open the car door but Billy's hands slammed against it holding it shut. He was always strong but .Fuck?

"I'd love to take you somewhere special, Brooke." He lowered his face towards mine like he was going in for a kiss "come with me? You used to love being in my car."

I smiled "yes. Yes I did enjoy your car and its driver. But I'm afraid I can't oblige you tonight." I faked yawning and stretching "I'm just super tired and want to go home."

I probably shouldn't have stretched because that caused him to now focus on my body. His tongue swiped over his lower lip and he moved closer still.

"Now they all want you as much as I do." What did he mean by that? Who is this we? I needed to think fast. So I did the most primitive and silliest thing I could think of. My right hand went to my blouse and started undoing the top buttons. Billy stared as if fascinated. Then I kissed him softly on his lips. He kissed back with a bit more force, meanwhile, my left hand had carefully removed my car keys from the pocket I shoved them in when Billy first appeared. We continued to kiss, he was making strange noises. There was an unusual clicking sound...like wet clicking. No other way to describe it.

Suddenly, my knee shot up and nailed him right in the family jewels. He yelped and toppled away from me. I slammed into my car, started the ignition, and drove like my life depended on it. When I got to my house, I sat in the driveway and had a panic attack. Ok. Now I was willing to entertain any and all conspiracy theories.

I ran into my house and up to my bedroom. I tried calling Steve but



he wasn't home.

I tried calling Steve many times after that but he was never home.

## 10. Chapter 10

Author notes: I just want to thank everyone who has been reading. This was my first fanfiction in 11 years and the FIRST I have ever completed. This story was a plot bunny that has been hopping around in my brain for a while now. Now that this is the final chapter, I can move on to my next story. I hope to have the same level of success with that one that this has. Thank you again.

July 1985

I am not sure what transpired over the past couple of weeks and I will probably never know the truth. I do know that my job at The Gap is on hold indefinitely as Starcourt was, for all intents and purposes, well and truly fucked up. A bunch of people died too. Sheriff Hopper was one. Hawkins has felt that loss like a piece of our soul was cut out and tossed into a volcano. He will be missed in the worst way. Especially for his daughter, Elle. And for Joyce Byers, for they had been incredibly close. She keeps losing men in tragic events. Poor woman.

Then I found out Billy had died. He actually died saving a girl. Hopper's daughter to be specific. Details were sketchy at best. I didn't know how to react at first. How does one handle the death of someone you had such an extreme experience with? He had been my first real lover. He had awoken parts of myself I did not know had existed. Like...my real self. I experienced every emotion with Billy: happiness, fear, lust, jealousy, anger, elation, disdain, loss, betrayal, even love. My experience with him made it possible for me to still love Steve with all of my being. He opened my eyes. He didn't bring me out of my vapid shallow shell, he took a goddamn sledgehammer to it.

So I sat on the side of my bed and cried. I cried harder than I knew possible.

I didn't go to his funeral, on account that I had once accused him of rape and all. It seemed cheap and tacky to attend. Especially, since he was a hero now. I did, however, visit his grave a few days later. It was jarring to see the fresh mound of soil with a browning bouquet of

flowers laying on it. I assume a headstone would come later, there was just a simple marker there now. Fresh tears coated my cheeks and I wanted to say something but what do you say? I had no words. I'm sorry I kicked you in the nads? I'm sorry our last kiss was me tricking you? I'm sorry I assumed you were the one who raped me? I didn't bring flowers, because flowers are stupid. Why would you kill something and then lay its corpse on the grave of another corpse? So I brought the only thing I knew Billy would laugh about. Even if no one else knew the reference, he would. A set a bottle of cherry juice next the grave marker. I whispered goodbye and walked away.

A week later, I heard that Steve had started working at Family Video. I went there to see if maybe he was available for coffee or maybe a movie. That is, if he wasn't totally done with me and my shit. I walked in and saw Robin, his coworker from Scoops Ahoy, leaning against the counter. She worked here too it seemed.

"Welcome to family video" she deadpanned, not even looking up from her magazine "we have it all...including porn" again not looking up but pointing to a curtained off area in the back of the room.

I smiled "Hi. Robin?"

"That's my name. Don't wear it out."

"Right. Is Steve here today?" I inquired. She looked up at me, totally bored look in her eyes.

"Hey loser!" She yelled "that chick who way out of your league is here!"

I waited only half a second before Steve came flying from the back room, slid over the counter, grabbed me, and pulled me into a deep kiss. I kissed him back and he accidentally knocked us against a shelving unit but we kept kissing. Never had he felt so good to me or tasted this good. I felt him in me, body and soul. I looped my arms around his neck, purring into our kiss. We must have been at it for a little too long because Robin gave a big sigh.

"If you guys are going to have sex, please move it to the adult movie section."

We finally stopped kissing and looked deep into each other's eyes.

"Hi" I said.

"Hi" he replied.

"Gross" Robin added with a gagging noise.

The door flew open and a young man missing his front teeth ran through.

"Steve, Robin. I got some new wiring for my antenna. I'm going to try and see if I can pick up a signal from the Russians. Like the real Russians in Russia." He was really excited about this "you need to come."

Steve looked at him and nodded his head sideways to me "kinda busy, Dustin."

This kid, Dustin, rolled his eyes "fine. Your stupid girlfriend can come too."

I kissed Steve's cheek "See? I'm your stupid girlfriend now. You're stuck with me."

He smiled warmly "awesome. Let's go." He pulled me by my arm out of Family Video following Robin and Dustin.

How many adventures did Steve and I go on? Plenty. But that's another story for another time.

The End.